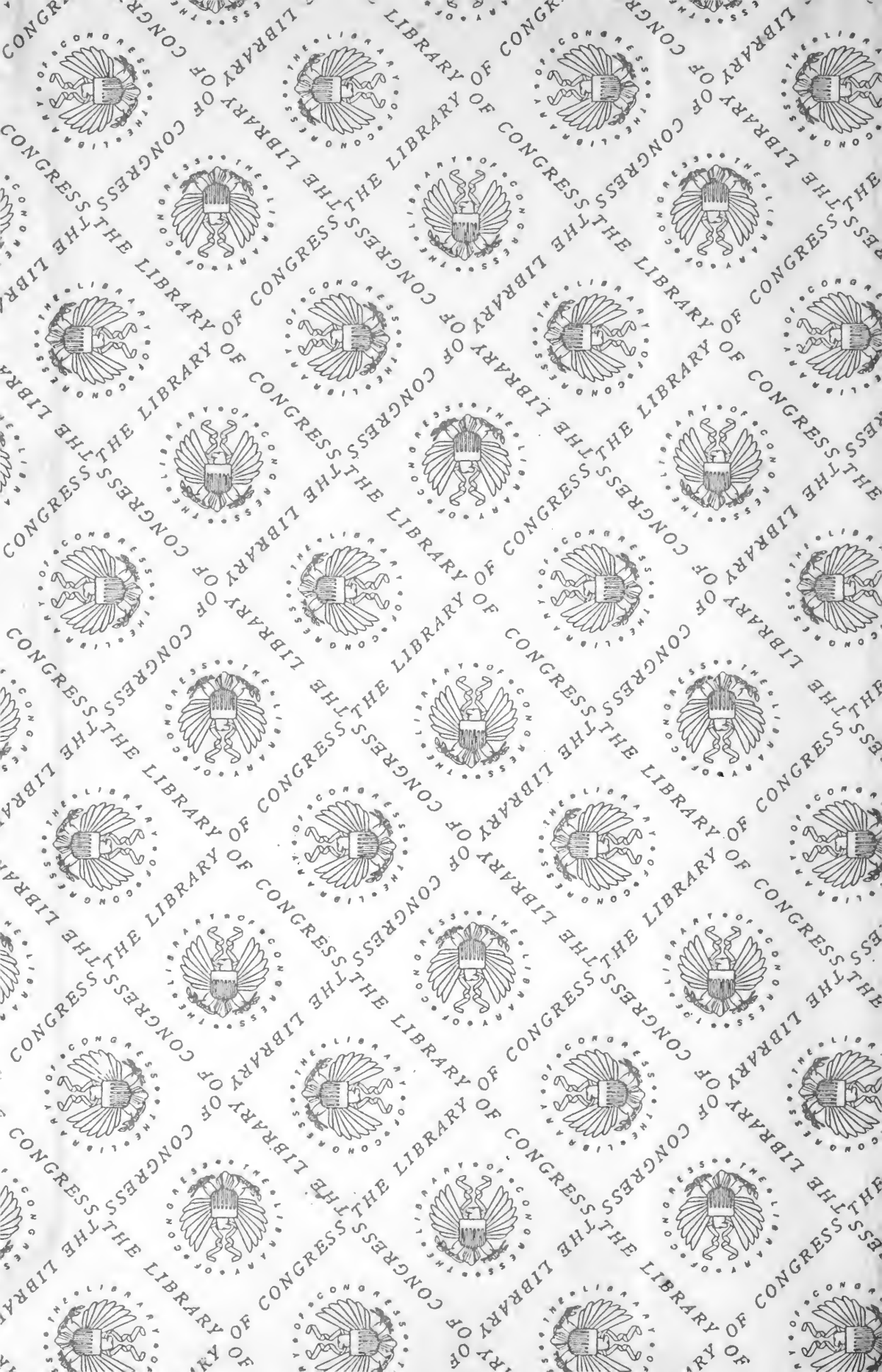
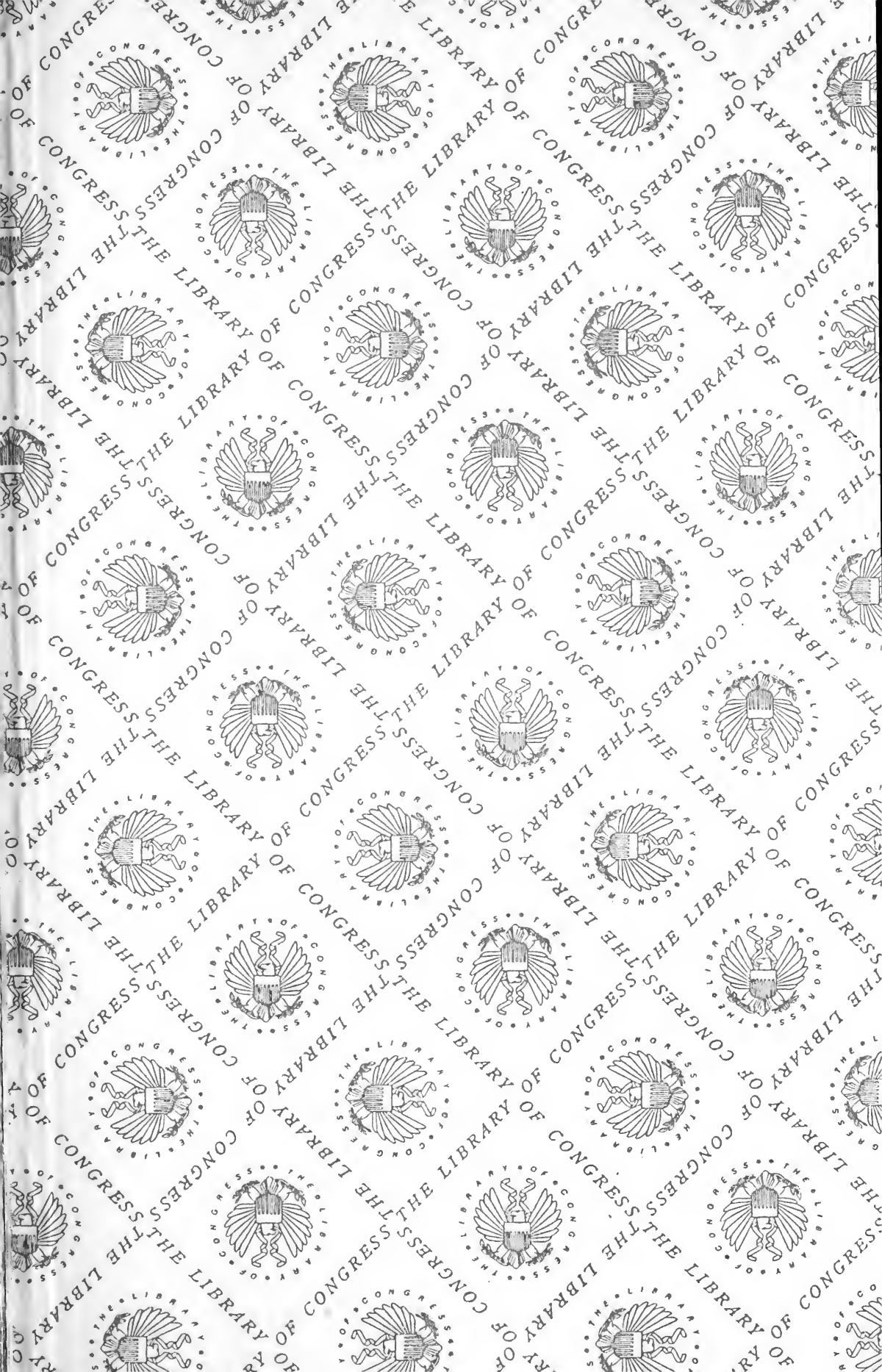


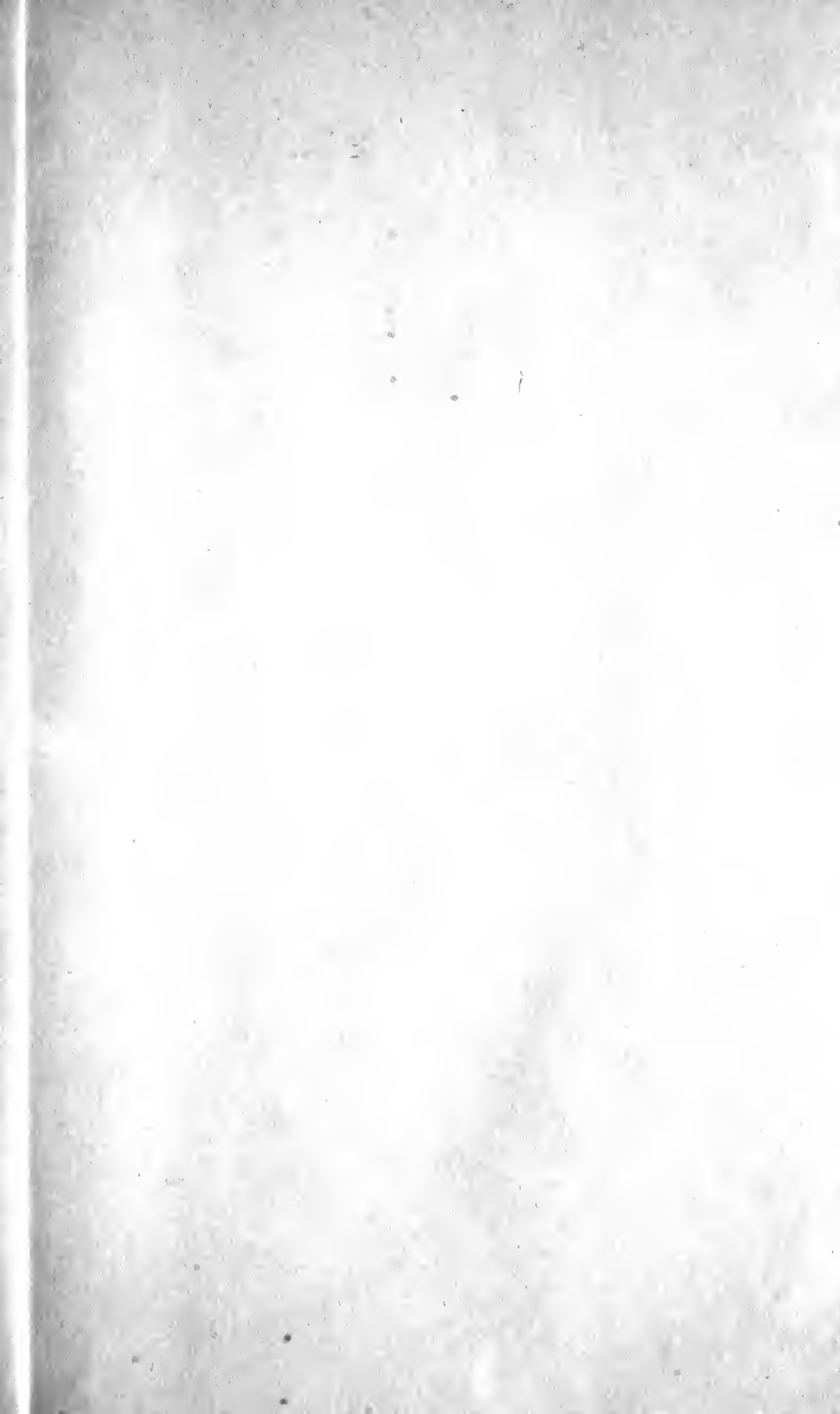
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# AN ODE

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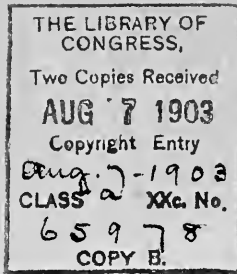
SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF FRANKLIN AND  
MARSHALL COLLEGE

BY

LLOYD MIFFLIN



THE HOFFER PRESS  
UNDER THE MAPLES, MOUNT JOY, PENNSYLVANIA  
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# AN ODE





# AN ODE

ON THE

SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE,  
JUNE, 1903

WRITTEN FOR ORAL DELIVERY

---

*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*

---

Now, on this memorable day,  
Within this fertile garden of the land  
Blessed with perennial streams,  
Swatara, Octoraro, and Pequea,  
And hundred brooklets clear as they  
With which the region teems;  
Rich with alluvial valleys, that the hand  
Sprung from the German, honorably tills,  
And where the cattle on a thousand hills

Browse ankle-deep in clover-bloom,  
Or by the Conestoga margin wade  
Far in the willowy shade ;  
Now, when the green illimitable vales  
And dimpled slopes and dells  
Shed round the rare perfume  
Of coming harvests with their wealth replete,  
And here, returning to the dales  
Amid the fruitful heat,  
June, reminiscent of the rippling sea  
And all its rolling swells,  
Waves with her breath our ripening fields of grain  
And makes a billowy ocean of the wheat ;  
Now, when the lambs are in the flock  
And call across the green ;  
And when the red-winged blackbird on the dock  
Sings as he settles down, serene

In cloudless ecstasy,  
And the dear lark, with joy akin to pain,  
Floats o'er our fields—a feathered song—  
Pathetically sweet ;—  
In such a time—so joyous—it were meet  
That we, ephemera of an hour  
Who to the living still belong,  
Should lift our voices through the lips of Song  
In recognition of the price,  
In recognition of the faith—the power,  
The courage and the sacrifice,  
The struggles, often threatening defeat,—  
The final triumph of the men now dead,  
English and German bred,  
Whose effort and whose aid  
Made possible this studious retreat,  
These College Halls, cresting the gentle glade,

These Academic bowers,  
These stately Walls in classic shade  
Crowned with their clustered towers!

Well may we praise these men of old,  
Whose work of faith untold—

A faith that here survives—  
Helped rear this dual Hall;  
And those who brought their gold,  
And those who, being poor, gave more than all  
In that they gave their lives!  
Honor the Founders! men to be revered;  
We need not name them, are they not renowned  
And to the heart endeared?  
And those that clustered round  
Your alien Flower from Heidelberg;  
And him who drew the lightnings down,

The generous Printer of renown  
Who, at the age of eighty-one,  
With patriot hands—  
That now are dust a hundred years and more—  
Here where the College stands,  
Laid the first corner-stone,—  
His name in part your Alma Mater bears ;  
While as an added coronal she wears  
Others especially her own—  
A glorious line of men of lore :  
Your College knows each honored name,  
She held them reverent of yore  
And worthy of acclaim ;  
And in your Annals where each one appears  
The page is blotted by her grateful tears.  
You love their memory, and they live apart  
Enshrined within the sanctum of the heart :

Honor the Scholar, and the Good, the Just!  
Honor the silent dust!

Yea! honor them—the dead! as time withdraws  
We see they bravely battled in their cause.  
Duty hath still her heroes—valiant Knights  
Unblazoned by the world, but in men's hearts  
    Their silent deeds, like beacon-lights  
    Shine on, and guide us from afar.  
The mortal comes; he labors, and departs;  
But strongly girt with spiritual powers  
    His soul beams on us like a star  
    That still doth shed  
Its first effulgence though the star be dead—  
    Though gone, the light survives:  
    And if our lips are sealed  
From plaudits for the living, none the less

Time, the recorder, on his scroll revealed,  
Will show the morrow they fulfilled their trust  
With honor and with nobleness:

Teachers of fervid zeal;  
The guardian mentors in an age complex;  
Torch-bearers of the future's weal;  
True to the motto on their chosen Seal—  
*Lux et Lex!*

Lo, the old Nation, day by day,  
Passes, alas! away,  
And the new Nation needs  
Men of high purpose and heroic deeds  
For the stern conflict of the Country's life.  
Send forth, O College, such as these!  
Unto thy land give thou such legacies!  
Equip thy youth with rugged virtues high,

Not with that apathy the indifferent wear  
    Fatal to man and state,  
But anchored, resolute to do and dare,  
Unpurchasable, of nerve and deed,  
    Men simply-great,  
With deep conviction, who, at utmost need  
Would stand the champions of the State,  
    Against her foes  
    Storming the enemy's gate  
With thundrous eloquence of patriot words;  
    Or, if necessity arose,  
    Girt with inviolate swords  
    Fulgent with light,  
Battle for Conscience, Liberty and Right;  
Such men the voice of History doth revere—  
O nurture them within this College here!

. . . . .



What of the donors?—those who in the stress  
Of arduous seasons to the rescue came,—  
    Look o'er that fair demesne,—  
The statued lawn, the noble piles, the storied green,—  
    Are not the beauty and the loveliness  
    Of such Memorials sufficient fame,  
With sweet remembrance through the ages hence?  
    —Sufficient recompense? . . . .  
From the lone bourn of life's long pilgrimage  
Let *him* reply, who dwells in honored age—  
Founder of that fair Hall which bears his name—  
Is there a crown more grateful to the brow  
    Than this that crowns him now?

Mother of Learning, hail!  
Oh, mayst thou, prosperous, rejoice  
For years recurrent of thy Jubilee!

Long may thy turrets beckon, and thy voice  
Summon the youth from many a distant vale!  
    Long may men find in thee,  
    Within thy classic pale,  
    Blessing of studious serenity—  
The ethereal fruit and flower of the Wise!  
And when this age shall pass, as pass it must,  
    And crumble into dust,  
Thy towers shall still arise, gladding the eyes  
    Of true men yet to be,  
    And by the side of these  
    Grouped 'mid the gracious trees,—  
    Mater of sweet amenities!—  
May added Halls and new-built spires  
Lift their enlightening crests above the lawn;  
And the still Greater College rear her head—  
    Greater, not dearer than the old,—

And wider radiance shed,  
And by her lustrous effluence manifold  
    Illumination spread,—  
True harbinger of the new-born world's desires,  
Forerunner of the hoped-for Dawn  
That ever in the future glows,  
To which the soul aspires;  
And as the depths of Ignorance decrease  
    And the dense darkness goes,  
Oh, mayst thou, filled with potency anew  
    The sacred cause pursue  
    Nor with the Century cease,  
But still may Learning blossom as the rose  
    And all thy paths be peace!

NORWOOD  
June, 1903.













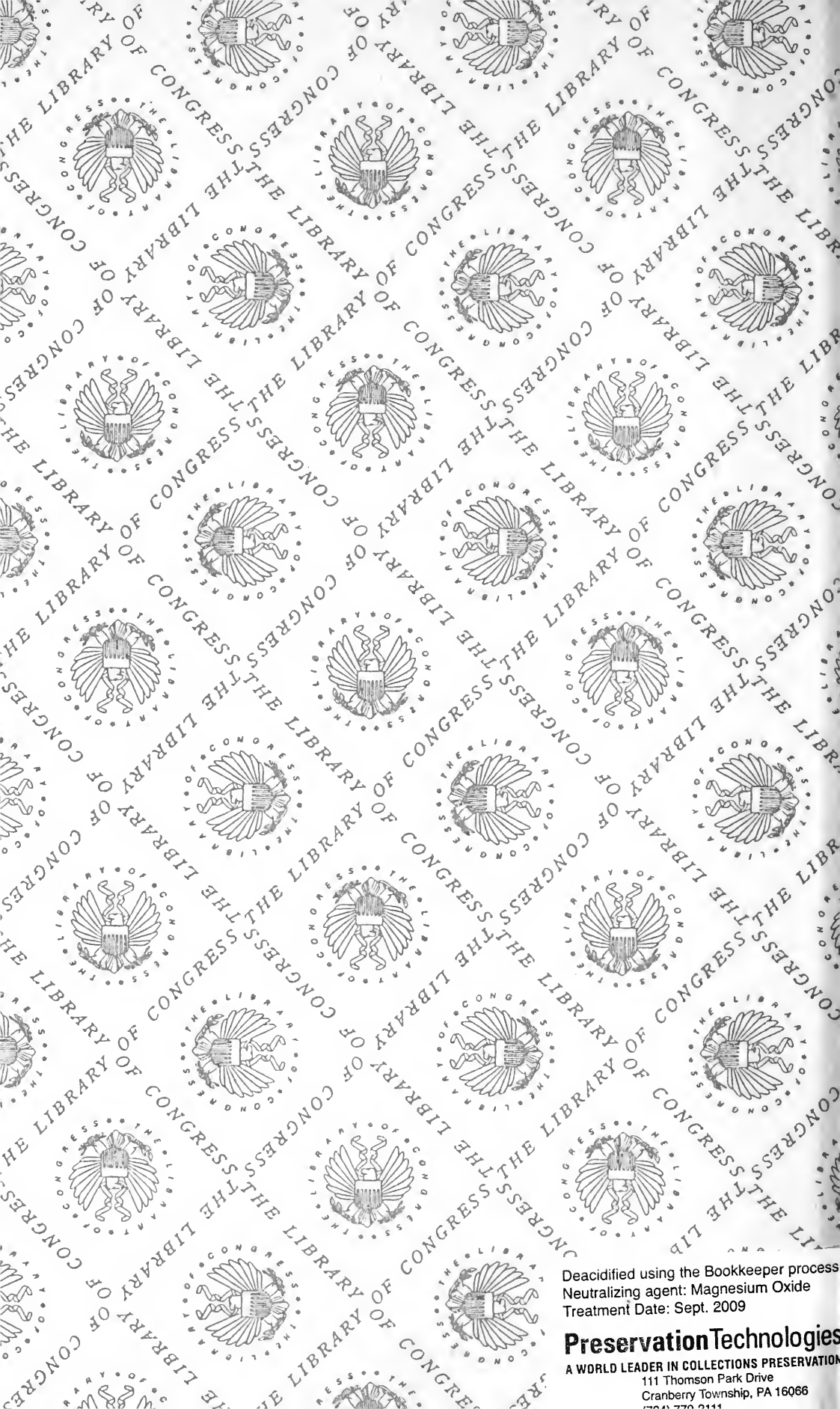










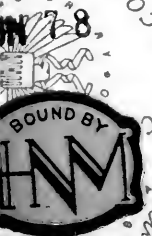
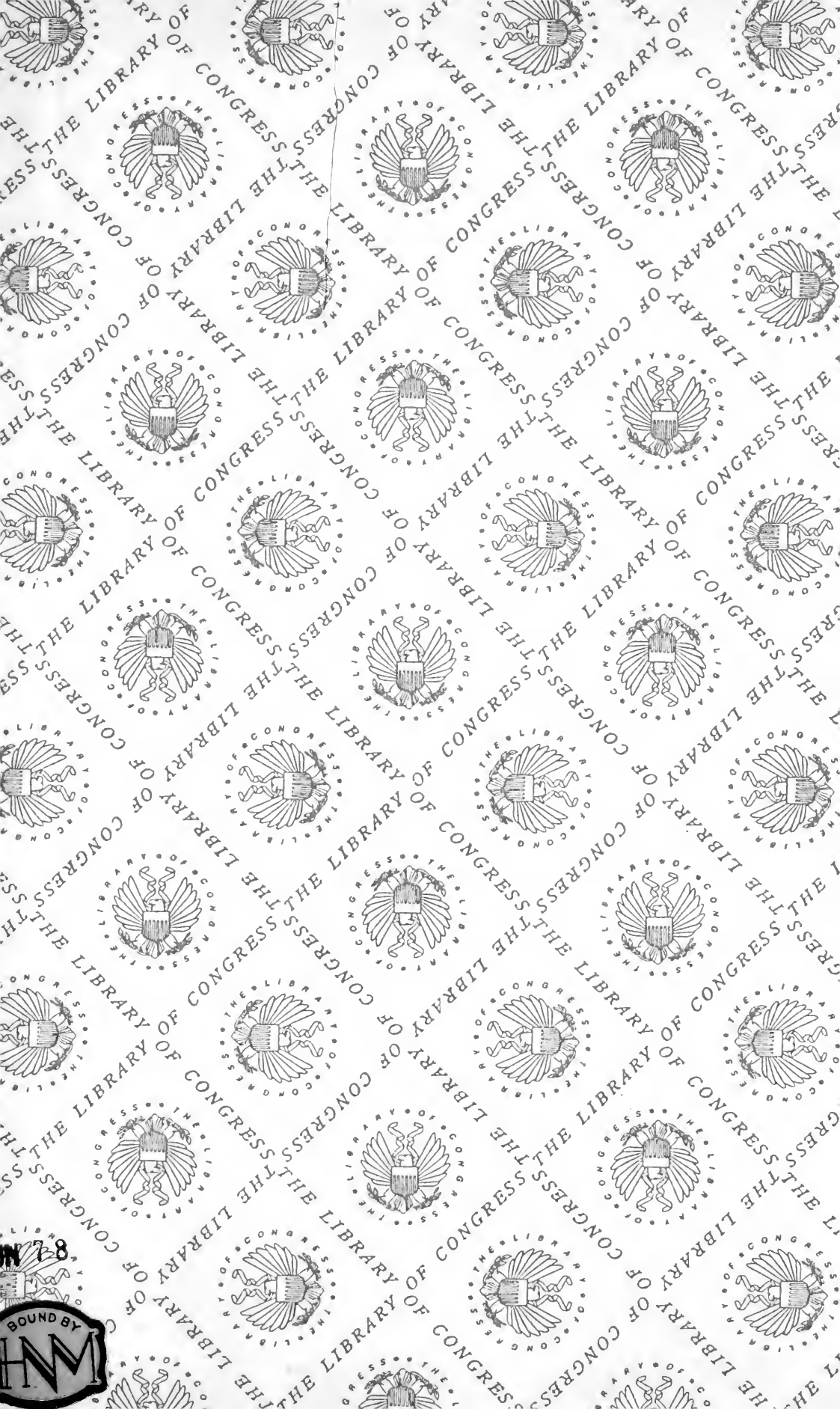


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